

**TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.**—At a meeting of the Fall River Railroad, held on the 30th it was resolved, with only one dissenting that no spirituous liquors be transported by road.

**ON MEETING.**—A Jersey city paper states transgressions have been made in that city, union of religious service, to be held in subversary church.

**PLAIN FOR HAVANA.**—The American Sea-Friend Society are about to send out Mr. Knight, as chaplain to American and sea company in Havana.





# LITERARY EXAMINER.

## The Poet's Spell.

BY W. JACKSON BOSCHWORTH,  
Author of "Lays, Legends, and Lyrics."

Mourning o'er his lone condition,  
Sat the poet in his grief,  
Drinking at a sad heart's fountain,  
Vainly hoping for relief.  
"Fate, alas! is insupportable,"  
Cried the poet in despair,  
"Or a child of song might wander  
Happily in a world so fair."  
I have nursed my visions dearly,  
Warmly worshipped at their shrine,  
Being a page to Love and Beauty  
In his house to the Nine.  
But, ah! my meek and devoted  
Thus to end in caring care,  
Toiling for the weal of others,  
Reaping for myself despair.  
It was folly, idle dreaming,  
Thus to waste the precious time,  
Smoothing gems for other garlands,  
Beating air to make it rhyme;  
But I'll walk in other pathways,  
Dream no more of fair or dell;  
So farewell, fantastic shadows,  
I will break the poet's spell!"

Onward with the wealth-pursuers  
Maid the faltering child of song,  
Framing worship unto manhood,  
Joining in the throng that throng  
Up and down the crowded city,  
Round the various forms of life,  
Hung the drooping shades of sorrow,  
Said the signs of care and strife.  
Heedless of the waste of others,  
Careless of the plaintive cry,  
Proud men scorn their needy brothers,  
Strong men pass the weaker by.  
Toiling, struggling, ever restless,  
Grasping, holding, crying more,  
Living, hoping, fearing, dying,  
Such is life, and seldom more.

Once again, with heart uplifted,  
Sits the poet by his lyre,  
Teaching men the words of fire,  
Gaily sounds his joyous music;  
In the palace, cottage, cell,  
All men feel its soothing cheering,  
Maiden's heart and woman's breast,  
Pictures for the mind he maketh,  
Sketches with the painter's skill;  
Here the mountain, there the valley,  
Down the silver, winding rill,  
Then the grove, with crowded foliage,  
Shades, retreats, and sylvan bowers,  
All enfolded in the sunshine,  
We behold, and make them ours.  
Love he sings, while love is living,  
Hope he breathes to toiling men,  
Faith and joy, and peace and freedom,  
All flash from his golden pen.  
As he therefore, learn his precepts,  
Which in measure'd raptures swell,  
And rejoice in such a blessing  
As the poet's mighty spell.

## The French at Brighton.

Mrs. MARY GERKINS, Periwinkle House, Marine Parade, Brighton, presents her compliments, and—at this moment time begs of Mr. Punch a corner in his beautiful journal for her little letter. If Mrs. MARY GERKINS was in Parliament—as, indeed, women ought to be—she would not trouble Mr. P., but give the country a bit of her mind from her seat in the House. As it is, being a lone woman and a widow, she hopes she may be permitted to save her country through the newspapers.

"Periwinkle House, Brighton, Jan. 25.

"Mr. PUNCH: The more I look at the opposite coast of France (and I've a telescope for the first time), as I may say, sweeps the Channel clean as a new pin) the more I'm certain of danger from our natural enemies. I sit spying at my window till, sometimes, I think I see no end of flat-bottomed boats at Dieppe, full of soldiers, and horses, and baggage wagons. My girls, to comfort me, tell me it's the clouds; but I only hope it isn't the smoke of the enemy's steamers.

"My letter, I am proud to say, has put the whole town in a twitter. Lodgings have dropped to nothing. First floors have come down to seconds, and there's next to no difference between backs and fronts. In fact, the whole place is—A Town to Let, and Nobody to Take it.

"I am now happy to say that all the blame laid at my door. Yes, Periwinkle House bears it all. When people abused me for my letter, I cried a little at first; but it's sweet to find what spirit persecution puts into a body. It's as good as another shawl to a woman!

"Do you want to ruin Brighton, Ma'am; do you want to make it another Pollyanna; another Thib's? said Mr. P. \* \* \* to me, of the circulating library. People have sent home *None and Then*, and I don't know what, because they couldn't get through 'em so near the sea! Do you want to make the place a desert, Ma'am; a desert without a single *Oh Acis*?"

"I said nothing. Only this. When the French had come, how'd I thank me for that beautiful letter! As poor GERKINS used to say—and now I believe him—if you want to serve your country, mind you can afford to pay for it! However, I have made up my mind to suffer, and nothing shall disappoint me.

"Mr. Punch, now I know the truth of what PROFESSOR TOADSHOE said here, in his lecture 'On the Vitality of Blue-bottles,' at the Old Ship. 'Everybody,' says he, 'is born with a mission.' At first, I thought 'mission' was only a knowing name for a 'caul.' However, at last I found it out. For, as the Professor said, folks have sometimes to wait to learn it. My mission is to—save Brighton! GERKINS used to say I'd a good deal of gunpowder in my veins; and now he's gone, I don't mind owning it. 'Human nature,' said the Professor, 'is always the same.' Well, we have had a JOAN OF ARC; which is all the stronger reason for having a MARY OF BRIGHTON! Nature isn't like a tea-caddy, but keeps supplying herself.

"And now, Mr. Punch, I have something to say that will make the very horse-hair of the Horse-Guards stand on end. You know I told you that I had taken a many French lodgers. 'Well, Sir, there was the COMTE DE FLOU, PRINCE CACA, and others I don't remember, that, last autumn, lodged with me. They went away, leaving a portmanteau to be sent for. As I've never heard of 'em since, and they only gave JULIUS half-a-crown among 'em, I haven't hesitated to open the luggage, and a blessed thing it is I did. For there, Mr. Punch, (I used to see 'em twiddling with compasses, and rules, and I don't know what, on paper,) for there is the whole plan, drawn and colored, of an attack upon this blessed Brighton. There isn't an alley that isn't down—not a courtyard that they don't know every bit of. Not only so, the plan of an attack, but of fortifying and keeping the place afterwards.

"As the best luck would have it, Mr. STRAZZ, a play-writer, is lodging with me (two pairs front, it being the dull season) at this moment. I believe he has served in the army, for once I heard him say, 'Nobody knew what in his time he had taken from the French' (he's now doing an original play, such a sweet thing to be called, 'Isn't it Particularly Odd that the Woman hasn't Brought Home the Lin. en?') Well, I showed the Frenchman's papers to Mr. S., and he explained all the mischief to me. B, X, K, C, Z, and other innocent looking letters of the alphabet—mean no less than Bastions, and Redoubts, and Ravellings, and Horn-works, (that's the

very word) and Casemates, or Checkmates, and Crests of Glasses!

I knew it; a certain cold shiver that I always have when mischief's coming, told me as much; the French know all about Brighton, and have, at this moment, the addresses of all their best families, with what money every father can give his daughters, down in their pocket-books.

"I don't wish to alarm the townspeople; but I must perform my mission. The French will land here, there's no doubt about that, if they can; and, once here, they're going to throw up all sorts of things, so that they'll never go away again. They intend, according to the paper before me, (I've Mr. STRAZZ's word for it) to draw a curtain clean before the Pavilion; to command High Street with a battery of brass guns; to build a redoubt right opposite the playhouse, with a drawbridge to suffer nobody to go into it! Then, with Horn-work right before the Town Hall, and angles, (as I understood Mr. S.) commanding the Market House, why Brighton has no help for it, but to kiss the foot of the haughty invader for ever and for ever!

"With this fact, Sir, staring us boldly in the face, I do think HER MAJESTY might be induced to return to the Pavilion. It would so rally Brighton and the tradespeople about her. People (I only wish they'd mind their own business) have run down the Pavilion because it's more Indian than English. As Mr. MOG sweetly says in his *Guide to us*, persons who do so 'might as reasonably quarrel with the flowers of the parterre—the lively carnation, or the painted tulip! And then, Sir, why shouldn't HER MAJESTY, as the Queen of the East Indies, have an Indian Palace? The sun, (as GERKINS used to say), if he would, couldn't set up on HER MAJESTY'S dominions, and why shouldn't she have a palace—from the Chinese down to the Hotentot—to match every one of 'em? But I'm much afraid that public spirit and public building won't act with dear GEORGE THE FOURTH. If he could only know what was going on at the Pavilion, I'm sure his loyal and affectionate subjects would see him again on the Chain Pier, as *Meg Merrilies* says—by moonlight. However, Sir, to return to the French.

"I have some hope that I have touched the heart, and struck upon the cords of Brighton. And, Sir, as one little example is better than all the talk in the world—as dear GERKINS said when he knocked down a brute of a fellow that once insulted me—I have already put my house upon the war establishment.

"I have purchased a fowling-piece, and cartridge-box, with a small sword for JULIUS, the page, a boy of great spirit (you should only see him, on an errand, jump over the posts; though of course, as his mistress, I'm obliged to wink at it). If that boy isn't as good as any two French grenadiers, English beef and pudding may henceforth go for nothing. He's getting on wonderful, too, at the sword exercise; and on boiled leg-of-mutton days practices a good hour at least, 'cutting six' at the turnips.

"I've no doubt—from what I see going on next door—that this example will spread; and so in the Book of Glory, may expect a beautiful place for the Gerys of Brighton. "As for BETSEY, the house-maid—MAY, the all-work—and SUSAN, the cook, I have had made for them three beautiful dresses, after JESSY LIND; and at the first alarm they will appear upon the beach to succor our regular troops, or the irregular militia, as *Fugate di Regiments*. If every lodging-house in Brighton does half as much, shall we have a nice force—unattached, as I believe they call it?

"And should that day arrive, Mr. Punch, there will be found a woman, who—when the French shall leap upon the shore—will cry like a trumpet—

"Up, Gals! and at 'em!"

"In the meanwhile, I am working for the Militia that is to be formed a set of colors in blood-red, mixed (whatever people may say) with my own hair; and—and—meanwhile rest—

"Yours to command,

"MARY GERKINS."

"P. S.—I will send you an early copy of the speech, before I present the flag!"—Punch.

## A Gnome Story.

At the flour mills of Tubberkeena, near Clonsilla, while in the possession of the late Mrs. Newbold, there was a goose which by some accident was left solitary, without mate or offspring, gander or goslings. Now it happened, as is common, that the miller's wife had set a number of duck eggs under a hen, which in due time were incubated, and, of course, the ducklings, as soon as they came forth, ran with natural instinct to the water, and the hen was in a sad pucker, her maternity urging her to follow the brood, and her selfishness disposing her to keep on dry land. In the meanwhile up sailed the goose, and with a noisy gabble, went certainly (being interpreted) meant, leave them to my care, she swam up and down with the ducklings; and when they were tired with their aquatic excursion, she condescended them to the care of the hen. The next morning, down came again the ducklings to the pond, and there was the goose waiting for them, and there stood the hen in her great frustration. On this occasion we are not at all sure that the goose invited the hen, observing her maternal trouble, but it is a fact, that she being near the shore, the hen jumped on her back, and there sat, the ducklings swimming, and the goose and hen after them, up and down the pond. And this was not a solitary event; day after day the hen was seen on board the goose, attending the ducklings up and down, in perfect contentedness and good humor; numbers of people coming to witness the circumstance, which continued until the ducklings, coming to days of discretion, required no longer the joint guardianship of the goose and hen.—*Rev. C. Ottey's Intellectualty of Dumb Animals.*

## Maxims on Money.

The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependant upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore, money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man, is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure *per se*. Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is a real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little in order to feel the relief from it. When you are undecided as to which of two courses you would like the best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is waiting for objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditure in order to pass the time.—*Taylor's Notes from Life.*

## Abd-el-Kader—All for Love.

The following letter, from Toulon, contains the *Times*, some curious details upon the submission of Abd-el-Kader. "Toulon, Jan. 19.—I have seen the Emir. It is quite a mistake that his eyes are black; they are of a decided gray, shaded by very long black eyelashes. He speaks very fluently, which is a proof of high distinction among the Arabs. What ever may be the reputation of Abd-el-Kader as a soldier politician, or Mahometan priest, it is much greater as a literary man. He is said to be as learned as an Arab can be. Two leather trunks containing his library have always accompanied him, even during the last months that preceded his submission; they also made part of his personal baggage on board. But every one is ignorant of the real cause of his submission, which was love. He is another Antony. After having endeavored with heroic courage to make a passage through the Moorish camp, he succeeded, with a considerable number of his followers, in so disengaging himself as to be able to gain the desert, but at the moment he was about to profit by the liberty this last *coup de main* gave him, he heard the firing which had reached his deira. Then, like the lion of the desert who sees his lioness entrapped and his cubs carried away, he retraced his steps and fell upon the Moors, with the rest of his faithful followers, whilst the cries of his wives, whose tents the enemy had commenced pillaging, exalted his courage. Twice the Emir was rolled to the ground with his wounds under him, twice surrounded and seized, he released himself by his extraordinary agility, and gained a victory by hard fighting in the midst of a victorious retreat. The Moors, intoxicated with the desire of pillaging the deira, threw themselves in numbers upon this body of 4,000 old men, women, and children, defended by the Emir, surrounded only by his kaili, aghas, buchaghas, and the chiefs of his regular troops, and likewise in want of ammunition. Finally, after having left behind him a train of his friends' and enemies' blood extending three leagues, he arrived upon our frontier, where, for the price of such an offence, he found no other alternative than a choice between two enemies. At last, abandoning this deira, which enclosed all his affections, to our generosity, he departed, in order to regain the South. After two nights' march, though certain of saving himself, his heart softened at the idea of his isolation, and preferring captivity with his friends, he returned to treat with us. If this man had not already conquered our esteem by the heroic struggle, every one here agrees in saying that the courage he has displayed in this last and supreme hour of his military career demands our deepest sympathy—provided, that history does not write upon his tomb, to our shame and the justification of England. 'He also came like Themistocles,' but like Napoleon, he only found an implacable enemy. The Emir is still confined in his sad prison. He reads the Koran, to his faithful followers. During the prayers they open the windows and make a large fire in the middle of the room. His mother cries, his wives sob, and he is almost broken-hearted."

## Rocky Mountain Trappers.

The trappers of the Rocky Mountains belong to a 'gens' more approximating to the primitive savage, than perhaps any other class of civilized men. Their lives being spent in the remote wilderness of the mountains, with no other companion than Nature herself, their habits and character assume a most singular cast of simplicity, mingled with ferocity, appearing to take coloring from the scenes and objects which surround them. Knowing no wants save those of nature, their sole care is to procure sufficient food to support life, and the necessary clothing to protect them from the rigorous climate. This, with the assistance of their trusty rifles, they are generally able to effect, but sometimes at the expense of great peril and hardship. When engaged in their avocation, the natural instinct of primitive man is ever alive, for the purpose of guarding against danger, and the provision of necessary food.

Keen observers of nature, they rival the beasts of prey in discovering the haunts and habits of game, and in their skill and cunning in capturing it. Constantly exposed to perils of all kinds, they become callous to any feeling of danger, and destroy human as well as animal life, with as little scruple, and as freely as they expose their own. Of laws, human or divine, they neither know, nor care to know. \* \* \* Strong, active, hardy as bears; daring, expert in the use of their weapons, they are just what the uncivilized white man might be supposed to be in a brute state, depending upon his instinct for the support of life.—*Buxton's Adventures in Mexico, and the Rocky Mountains.*

## An Angry Princess.

A tide of fierce invective seemed to well behind her lips, as she waits a river level with the dam. Ready to burst and flood the world with foam: And so she would have spoken, but there rose A hubbub in the court of half the maids. Gathered together from the illumin'd hall Long lanes of splendor shanted o'er a press Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes. And rainbow robes, and gems and gemlike eyes. And gold and golden heads; they to and fro Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some pale.

## Night-Song on the Prairie.

The sky had been gradually overcast with leaden-colored clouds, until, when near sunset, it was one huge, ink-mass of rolling darkness; the wind had suddenly lulled, and an unnatural calm, which so surely heralds a storm in these tempestuous regions, succeeded. The ravens were winging their way towards the shelter of the timber, and the coyote was seen trotting quickly to cover, conscious of the coming storm. The black, threatening clouds seemed gradually to descend until they kissed the earth, and already the distant mountains were hidden to their very bases. A hollow murmuring swept through the bottom, but as yet not a branch was stirred by wind; and the huge cotton-woods, with their leafless limbs, loomed like a line of ghosts through the heavy gloom. \* \* \* The clouds opened, and drove right in our faces a storm of driving snow; and perfect darkness soon set in.

## Passage in the Life of Ledyard the Traveller.

Mr. Beaufoy had an interview with Ledyard just as he was setting off on his last expedition, and repeats the following passage from his conversation:—"I am accustomed," said Ledyard, "to hardship. I have known both hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremity of human suffering. I have known what it is to have food given me as charity to a madman; and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character, to avoid a heavier calamity. My distresses have been greater than I have ever owned, or ever will own, to any man. Such evils are terrible to bear; but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its utmost extent, my engagement to the society; and if I perish in the attempt, my honor will still be safe, for death cancels all bonds."—*Ledyard's Life.*

## A Delicate Rebel.

A quiet elderly gentleman found himself one of four travellers in a railway carriage. The other three were ladies, who talked from the beginning to the end of the journey, kept up, in fact, so lengthened a conversation that it was exactly two hundred miles long. When nearly at the terminus, the most voluble of the ladies expressed a hope to the gentleman that the incessant colloquy had not disturbed him. "By no means, madam," (said he, politely,) "I have been married exactly twenty-five years."

## The Slaughter of Animals, and Devotion to Humanity.

The practice of hunting wild animals for food engenders a disregard of animal life, which gradually extends to fellow human beings. All history will bear testimony to the fact, that hunters are men of violence, from Esau, who frightened Jacob, down to Grandey Berkley, who 'punches the heads' of peasants. It was our fortune, good or bad, to sojourn for a long period in sunny climes, amongst human tribes, half pastoral half predatory, who lived on horseback, whose sole food was the flesh of 'recently slain animals, and their drink brackish water, their couch the grassy plain, and their roof the blue heaven. Lean, wiry, and lithe of body, with cat-like, half-sleepy eyes, and long black horse-looking hair, these people possessed the attributes of tigers, and they passed their time, half in sloth, and half in ferocity. Often witnessing, and sometimes compelled to join in the eating of half-roasted flesh, torn from an animal, just slain, and the mass still quivering, we have learned how, by slight degrees, refinement departs, and the mind becomes callous to horrors and bloodshed. The slightest word of provocation, and drawn knives to gratify revenge, the dried blood of the animal on the blade, mingling with the red torrent flowing from human veins, was a common occurrence. To dress wounds was an almost daily task, and at last a drudgery, from which even compassion shrunk. The gradual callousness of the natives of more civilized climes was remarkable. Wounds became a matter for mirth. On one occasion, encamped rudely, awaiting the attack of some hostile tribes, with bristling spears and prepared rifles, a native of Scotland, a mechanic of ordinary decent habits, tolerably educated, and possessing some five thousand pounds capital, entered into a conversation with us, calculating the strategy of their position, and the number that would be slain, all in the cool, quiet, guttural Saxon dialect denominated Lowland Scotch. And gliding from one subject to another, as easily as if discussing a chapter of Adam Smith, he thus went on:—"Wall, now, awun thinkin' that we've tried mair kinds o' flesh meat—bull and quey and cauf, and horse and mule, and lion and deer, and ostrich and armadillo, and bees catcher, and your common swine—so when the fight is over, I should like to cut steaks from one of those brown devils of Ingens yonder to try what he eats like." We looked at the speaker, thinking he jested, but it was no jest. It was simply a man of average intellect, and very coarse nerves, who stood before us, one, who by force of habit, might have obeyed moral laws, but too coldly practical ever to discover them for himself. He was merely going a little beyond the practices of his wild companions. They, albeit Christians, were in the habit of skinning their human foes to make horse-trappings of their hides; he, from curiosity, was desirous to taste their flesh. Possibly he might have called himself a Christian also. We did not ask him his descent, but it struck us that, after all, the story of Savney Beane might be no fable. Such a man, placed in a position where the only food was human flesh, would have made his experiment a habit, and would have enjoyed his cannibal meals with as much relish as a chief of the Feejee Islands.—*Westminster Review.*

## Lord Eldon Accused of Peaching.

An old friend of his has communicated to me the following story of the great danger in which the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain once was of being held up before a magistrate as a poacher. "I heard that Lord Eldon was spending a few days with his friend, Mr. W., whose domain was very rural and pretty, but not extensive, and on calling on him there, I found him in his usual suit of black, with the addition of his well-known travelling topped boots, and with an old shot-belt over his shoulder. His countenance at once convinced me that he had something amusing to tell, and with an air of assumed alacrity, he related an adventure in which he had just played the principal part. 'Unfortunately crossed a lane in pursuit of my game, and in the second field from this lane I was accosted by a powerful and almost savage looking farmer, who challenged me as the poacher for whom he had long been looking. I at once acknowledged that I might have made a mistake as to his land, and offered to turn back immediately, but this did not at all pacify him, for, putting himself in front of me, he declared that I should not stir till he knew who I was and where to be found. I tried to evade giving a description of myself, by renewed offers of but a promise not to return, but this did but increase his violence, and so I was at last forced to acknowledge that I was the Lord Chancellor, a communication which was so far from allaying his ire, that it did but increase his fury, for, in language which looked very like earnest, he swore that of all the impudent answers he ever got, mine was the most impudent; and I verily believe he would have laid hands on me if my tall footman (one of the finest young men I ever saw) had not come up to us and addressed me as my lord.'—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

## Anecdotes of Sir George Etherege.

There was formerly at or near Charing Cross a famous ordinary, kept by one Lock. It is often mentioned in the plays of Cibber, Vanbrugh, &c., and was much frequented by Sir George Etherege. On one occasion, Sir George and his company, provoked by something amiss in the entertainment or attendance, got into a violent passion, and abused the waiters. This brought in Mrs. Lock. 'We are so provoked,' said Sir George, 'that even I could find in my heart to pull the nosegay out of your bosom, and throw the flowers in your face.' This turned all their anger into jest. Sir George discontinued Lock's ordinary, having run up a score, which he could not conveniently discharge. Mrs. Lock sent him one day, and to threaten him with a prosecution. He hid the messenger tell her, that he would kiss her, if she stirred a step in it. When this answer was brought back, she called for her hood and scarf, and told her husband, who interposed, that 'she'd see if there was any fellow alive that had the impudence.'—"Pr'ythee, my dear, don't be so rash," said her husband, "you don't know what a man may do in his passion."

## Education.

Education, conducted as it usually is, upon one uniform plan, has a constant tendency to cast the minds of the instructed classes into one unvaried mould, destroying all originality, even where it does not altogether numb and cramp the intellectual energies. Thoughts and opinions, instead of being suffered to develop themselves spontaneously from within, are compulsorily stamped from without, until the faculties, relieved from all necessity for their exercise, lose their expansive aptitude and vigor, and become passive recipients, instead of active exponents.—*Horace Smith's Mesmerism.*

## The Modern Meditative Man's Disadvantages.

The man who lies under no external obligation, (none that is apparent and palpable,) to occupy himself in one way or another, will become a prey to many demands for small services, attentions, and civilities, such as will neither exercise his faculties, add to his knowledge, nor leave him in his thoughts. The prosecution of a contemplative life is not an answer to any of these demands; for though the man who is in the pursuit of an active calling, is not expected to give up his guineas for the sake of affording some trifling gratification to some friend, or acquaintance, or stranger, yet the man who has renounced the active calling and the guineas, in order that he may possess his soul in peace, is constantly expected to give up his meditations, and no one counts it for a sacrifice. Meditation, it is thought, can always be done some other day. A man without something indispensable to do, will find his life to be involved in some of the difficulties by which a woman's life is often beset, one of which difficulties is the want of a claim paramount upon her time. And these difficulties will not be the less, if the poet have, as he ought to have, something of the woman in his nature—as he ought to have, I aver; because the poet should be *hic et hoc homo*—the representative of human nature at large, and not of one sex only. With the difficulties of a woman's life, the poet will not find that any of its corresponding facilities accrue; he will find claims to be made upon him as upon a man, and no indemnities granted him as upon a poet. Thus it is that in the bustling crowds of this present world, a meditative man finds himself, however passively disposed, in a position of obnoxiousness to those around him, and must struggle in order to stand still.—*Henry Taylor's Notes from Life.*

## Incident at the Coronation of George the Third.

George III., with his consort, Charlotte of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, was crowned at Westminster, on the 22d of September, 1761; and afterwards sat at his coronation-banquet in the Hall with his young bride, attended by all the formalities and ceremonials which had been dignified by the custom of past ages. And, looking down from one of the galleries, sat one, who, in a disguised habit, and with his face half-concealed, was an unconcerned spectator of that gorgeous scene. This person was he, who, in his youth, had been the idol of the rude and devoted Highlanders who fought their way to Derby with their claymores in 1745; the young hero of Preston Pans, and Falkirk, the descendant of a hundred kings, he, who, by the right of legitimate descent, and who, but for the bigotry of his grandfather, James the Second, would have sat on the splendid throne, which he now saw occupied by the German alien, who was the usurper of his rights. David Hume writes to Sir John Pringle, on the 10th of February, 1773, "What will surprise you, the lord murchell, a few days after the coronation of the present King, told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or at least, had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it." I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. "Why," says he, "a gentleman told me that saw him there, and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words, 'Your royal highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to meet here.' 'It was curiosity that led me,' said the other, 'but I assure you that person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy least.' What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gunnelt."—*Jesse's Memorials of London.*

## Anecdotes of the Tudors.

There is a somewhat comic story related of the family of Owen Tudor, the husband of Henry the Fifth's widow, Catharine of France, whose mother, it seems, resided in France. Although of high blood, their fortunes do not appear to have allowed the family to live according to English ideas of rank. Catharine had announced her intention of marrying the young Welshman, who first gained her good graces by a combination of agility and awkwardness, for, in dancing before her, not being able to recover himself in a turn, he fell into her lap as she sat on a little stool, with many of her ladies about her. The match she proposed to herself was considered beneath her dignity, owing to the supposed obscurity of Owen Tudor's birth. A deputation of English lords was, therefore, sent to Anglessea to report the style of his mother's living. They found themselves in as great perplexity as Sancho in reporting his interview with Dulcinea, for the matron was discovered sitting in a field surrounded by her goats, and eating a dried herring on her knees, having no other table. The lords did not dare to relate the case exactly as they found it, for the fair Catharine had already made her election, and they saw the ill-policy of too strictly adhering to truth. Their account, therefore, ran as follows: they said, "the lady was seated in state, surrounded by her jervelin men, in a spacious palace, eating her repast from a table, whose value was so great, that she would not take hundreds of pounds for it."—*Miss Costello's Mountains of North Wales.*

## Anecdotes of Sir George Etherege.

There was formerly at or near Charing Cross a famous ordinary, kept by one Lock. It is often mentioned in the plays of Cibber, Vanbrugh, &c., and was much frequented by Sir George Etherege. On one occasion, Sir George and his company, provoked by something amiss in the entertainment or attendance, got into a violent passion, and abused the waiters. This brought in Mrs. Lock. 'We are so provoked,' said Sir George, 'that even I could find in my heart to pull the nosegay out of your bosom, and throw the flowers in your face.' This turned all their anger into jest. Sir George discontinued Lock's ordinary, having run up a score, which he could not conveniently discharge. Mrs. Lock sent him one day, and to threaten him with a prosecution. He hid the messenger tell her, that he would kiss her, if she stirred a step in it. When this answer was brought back, she called for her hood and scarf, and told her husband, who interposed, that 'she'd see if there was any fellow alive that had the impudence.'—"Pr'ythee, my dear, don't be so rash," said her husband, "you don't know what a man may do in his passion."

## Education.

Education, conducted as it usually is, upon one uniform plan, has a constant tendency to cast the minds of the instructed classes into one unvaried mould, destroying all originality, even where it does not altogether numb and cramp the intellectual energies. Thoughts and opinions, instead of being suffered to develop themselves spontaneously from within, are compulsorily stamped from without, until the faculties, relieved from all necessity for their exercise, lose their expansive aptitude and vigor, and become passive recipients, instead of active exponents.—*Horace Smith's Mesmerism.*

## The Mother.

A softening thought of other years—  
A feeling linked with ours,  
When life was all too bright for tears,  
And hope sang wreathed with flowers.  
A memory of all that's gone,  
Of voices heard no more,  
Stirred in my spirit when I read  
That name of fondness o'er.  
O, mother! in that magic word  
What love and joys combine!  
What hopes, too, all deferred!  
What watchings—grids—are thine!  
Yet never till the hour we roam,  
By worldly thralls oppress,  
Learn we to prize that holiest home,  
A tender mother's breast.  
Ten thousand prayers at midnight poured  
Beside our couch of woe,  
She waiting weariness enured  
To soften our repose;  
While never murmur marked thy tongue,  
Nor tears relaxed thy care;  
How, mother, is thy heart so strong,  
To pity and to bear!  
What filial fondness o'er repaid,  
Or could repay the past!  
Alas, for gratitude decayed!  
Regrets that rarely last!  
'Tis only when death is thrown  
Thy blessed bosom o'er,  
We muse on all thy kindness shown,  
And wish we loved thee more.  
'Tis only when the lips are cold,  
We mourn with late regret,  
'Mid myriad memories of old,  
The days forever set;  
And not an act, or look, or thought,  
Against thy meek control,  
But with a sad remembrance fraught,  
Wakes anguish in my soul!  
On every hand, in every clime,  
True to her sacred cause,  
Filled by that influence sublime,  
From which her strength she draws;  
Still is the mother's heart the same,  
The mother's lot is tried;  
And, Oh, may nations guard that name  
With filial power and pride!

## England, at the time of the French Revolution.

England had been intellectually the model of nations, and the envy of the reflecting universe. Nature and its institutions had conferred upon it men worthy of its laws. Lord Chatham, sometimes leading the Opposition, sometimes at the head of the Government, had expanded the space of Parliament to the proportions of his own character and his own language. Never did the liberty of a citizen before a throne, never did the legal authority of a prime minister before a people, display themselves in such a voice to assembled citizens. He was a public man in all the greatness of the place, the soul of a nation personified in an individual; the inspiration of the nation in the heart of a Patrician. His oratory had something as grand as action, it was the heroic in language. The echo of Lord Chatham's discourses were heard, felt on the continent. The stormy scenes of the Westminster elections shook to the very depths the feelings of the people, and that love of turbulence which slumbers in every multitude, and which it is too often mistakes for the symptoms of true liberty. These words of counterpoise to royal power, to ministerial responsibility, to laws in operation, to the power of the people, explained at the present by a constitution, explained in the past by the accusation of Strafford, the tomb of Sidney, on the scaffold of a king, had resounded like old recollections and strange avowals. The English drama had the whole world for audience. The great actors for the moment were Pitt, the controller of these storms, the intrepid organ of the throne, of order, and the laws of his country; Fox, the precursory tribune of the French Revolution, who propagated the doctrines by connecting them with the Revolutions of England, in order to sanctify them in the eyes of the English; Burke, the philosophical orator, every one of whose orations was a treatise; then the Cicero of the Opposition party, and who was so speedily to turn against the excesses of the French Revolution, and cause the new faith in the first victim immolated by the people; and, lastly, Sheridan, an eloquent debauchee, liked by the populace for his levity and his vices, seducing his country instead of elevating it. The warmth of the debates on the American war, and the Indian war, gave a more powerful interest to the storms of the English Parliament.—*Lamarque's Girondists.*

## The Crownwell Letters in France.

The "Thirty-five unpublished letters of Oliver Cromwell" still continue to be the subject of controversy. Mr. Carlyle has repeated his belief of their genuineness in a letter addressed to a gentleman at Norwich, and the *Examiner* has handled the dispute on Mr. Carlyle's side with talent and ingenuity. Lord Jeffrey, we hear, has written a long letter on the subject, weighing the probabilities like a judge, sifting the letters from first to last, and summing up against them. Mr. Bruce, too, long the secretary of the Camden Society, and a gentleman thoroughly versed in the history of Cromwell and his times, has, it is understood, expressed his strong conviction that they are nothing more than ingenious impostures. Some of the general arguments used in conversation may not be generally known. There is not a new fact, it is said, in the whole thirty-five letters, they confirm, they illustrate, but beyond this contribute nothing. Cromwell, says another person, could never have written so far advanced a letter as this is already so far advanced that a fruit-bearing tree is grafted upon the short stump of a nursery tree, so as to constitute a perfect tree in miniature, bearing fruit—apples, pears, peaches, or plums, though its roots are in a shallow soil, and its trunk is not more than 20 inches high. Apples parading of different kinds—the sweet and sour flavor, for instance, in different parts, or opposite sides of the same apple, may be produced by splitting the trunk of the tree, and inserting a graft of a different kind of fruit. But we know of no instance in which horticulturists have blended the properties of different kinds, though it evidently might be done without difficulty. Suppose a medium between a large tart apple and a small sweet and spicy kind was desired; it is only requisite to engraft one or more of the roots of the one, upon the roots of a young tree of the other, or upon those of a young stump grafted with or upon those of a young tree of the one kind, and there you have a plant carrying out, almost any required properties of different kinds may be united in new kinds. As the season is now approaching round, and we expect that some of our fruit-lovers will experiment on this mode, not only with fruit, but with roses